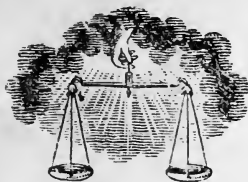


#855

It is !!
Conf Pam 12mo #855
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IT IS I!



They come, they come—a motley crew,
For rapine, rape and plunder met;
From different realms of every hue,
The olive, yellow, white and jet;
The princely loom-lord and his servile loot,
By sea and land they come—on horse, on foot.

Ye southern freemen, who is he,
By foes encompassed as thou art,
That will, that can deliver thee?

That dares attempt to take thy part?
Hark ye! in louder thunder from on high,
The great Jehovah answers—It is I.

Rise, then, ye freemen, old and young,
Unsheath your swords—be bold—be brave!
Away be every scabbard flung,

In Federal blood your broadswords lave,
Arise, “arise and thresh”—’tis God’s command;
And sweep ABE’s cringing minions from your land.

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pH 8.5